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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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## AN UNPAID BILL.

"Thirteen and seven are twenty; and nine—oh, dear me! I wonder what that noise in the basement hall is! It sounds just like some one crying."

Miss Comfort Walker laid down the pen wherever she was industriously adding up her household accounts, and metaphorically speaking, pricked up her ears.

"It is some one crying?" she said to herself. "Oh, dear, dear! what a world of tears and tribulation this is!"

Miss Walker had been penniless and unprotected at the age of 20, but she was not one of the "drooping ivy" kind that takes to needlework and tubercles on the lungs. So Miss Comfort went boldly ahead, opened a first-class boarding-house and made money. This was the history of the brisk little woman in a brown debase dress and cherry ribbons at her neck, who bustled down stairs to see what could be the meaning of the vague, indefinite sobbing sound which now became audible.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Miss Comfort Walker, as she perceived Ellen O'Brien, the washerwoman, in the basement hall.

"Yes, it's me, worse luck, Miss Comfort," whimpered poor Ellen.

"And what's the matter?"

"It's me bill up stairs, Miss Comfort—the boarder in the second story front with the gay gold shirt studs and the green and yellow stones in his sleeve buttons! Nine dollars and sixty cents, Miss Comfort—six weeks' washing and ironing—and now, when I makes bould to ax him would he be pleased to pay me, he tells me it isn't convenient! An when I tells him how sore I need the money he ups and gets mad, and says I shan't have it at all."

Miss Comfort stood listening, with knitted brows and troubled black eyes.

"Have you got your bill with you, Ellen?" said she, after a moment's hesitation.

"Jimmy wrote it out, all nate and proper," faltered Ellen, producing a crumpled slip of pale blue paper from her pocket.

"Give it to me," said Miss Comfort Walker. "And come here this evening at 8 o'clock, and you shall have your money."

She went slowly up stairs with the little piece of paper in her hand.

"It's a shame," said Miss Comfort. Leotard Carlyon was Miss Comfort Walker's best boarder, with the single exception that, up to the present moment, his twenty-five dollars a week had been in futuro.

Now it so chanced that one reason for her repose so much confidence in Mr. Leotard Carlyon, the new boarder, was that he was the nephew and heir apparent of Caleb Carlyon, the rich banker from whom she rented her brown stone house, at the trifling consideration of three thousand dollars per annum.

So she went bravely up to Mr. Carlyon's room and tapped at the door.

"Come in," he called out. "Oh, it's you, Miss Walker, is it?"

Miss Comfort advanced valiantly with the bill in her hand to where Leotard Carlyon reclined languidly amid a heap of sofa pillows, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Don't you think you could settle this little account, Mr. Carlyon?" she asked. "The poor woman needs it so very much."

Leotard Carlyon's handsome black brows darkened.

"She has been to you with her story, has she?" snarled he. "No, I can't settle it. And I wouldn't if I could."

So Miss Comfort tied on a little brown velvet hat she had trimmed with scarlet poppies and brown autumn leaves, and set out bravely for the Mount Orient Bank.

The clerk stared at her a little curiously as she was shown into the president's room at the back, where Mr. Carlyon sat, straight and upright, with blue eyes like a falcon and hair slightly sprinkled with gray.

He elevated his brows at the sight of Miss Comfort Walker. And she told the story of Ellen O'Brien and her wrongs.

"May I ask, Miss Walker, why you interest yourself so markedly in this affair?" the banker asked, with a cold, measured calm that contrasted strangely with the little woman's heat and flurry.

"Because I think no man has a right to cheat a poor woman out of her hard earned money."

"Cheat is a strong word, Miss Walker," observed the landlord.

"It's the only correct word in this case, Mr. Carlyon," retorted Miss Comfort, secretly marvelling at her own courage in thus daring to confront the stately banker.

## The "Rose Fever."

"Perhaps he is owing something to yourself?" questioned the banker, keenly.

"Yes, sir, he is," Miss Comfort made answer. "But it isn't that I came about. I am quite able to attend to my own financial debts, even to lose a little if it should be necessary, but this poor woman is friendless and alone."

Mr. Carlyon glanced at his watch. Miss Comfort turned toward the door.

"I am sorry that my time is no longer at my own disposal," said he courteously.

And Miss Comfort went away almost crying.

"Now I've made an enemy of him, as well as Mr. Leotard, and haven't done the least good in the world," she thought. "And he will let the house to some one else in the spring, and—ah—but, after all, I am not sorry that I did my best. Poor, poor Ellen! What shall I say to her when she comes at 8 o'clock?"

But that evening just as Miss Comfort was beginning again at her pile of account books, a ring came to the door, and Mr. Carlyon, the banker, was shown in. Miss Comfort rose up, confused and fluttering.

"Miss Walker, pray don't let me disturb you," said the banker. "I have only dropped in for a little social call. You showed yourself to me to-day in a different light from any in which you have yet appeared."

"A dun?" demanded poor Miss Comfort, almost hysterically.

"No—a true-hearted, noble natured woman! But you need no longer distress yourself. The bill is paid. And now, if you are at leisure, I'll just take my evening cup of tea with you."

How pleased and proud Miss Comfort was, as she poured the decoction of fragrant Young Hyson into her great grandmother's china cup, decorated with butterflies and oblong scrolls of gilt and violet! And how she kept wondering all the while how in the world Mr. Carlyon, the great banker, could take such interest in her homely and humdrum little affairs.

But if she had only known it, Mr. Carlyon seldom came across a true, real heart in his complicated business transactions.

"It's not true," said Mr. Leotard. "My uncle never would make such a fool of himself at his age. Why, he's fifty of his own day!"

"Only forty-four," said Mrs. Leigh Creswick, with malicious delight. "But, of course, it must be a great mortification to you, Mr. Leotard, who have always been looked upon as his heir. And to think, too, he is going to marry that queer little old woman who keeps the boarding house. For it's true! True as taxes! I saw the wedding ring myself at —'s."

"Mr. Leotard Carlyon gnawed silently at his mustache. How strangely little circumstances are woven together into life's web, he thought. If he had paid that whimpering washerwoman's bill she would not have confided her woe to Miss Comfort Walker; and Miss Comfort Walker would not have gone to his uncle; and his uncle wouldn't have fallen in love with Miss Comfort's rosy cheeks and bonnet neither, and he would still have been the rich banker's heir apparent.

He wished he had paid the washerwoman's bill.

**A Wicked Deceiver.**

The conduct of some of the drivers on the street cars in Austin is certainly very reprehensible. An old lady got on the street car, and as soon as she set her eyes on the driver she called out: "You are the very driver that refused to stop the car and made fun of me."

"Yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes; yesterday afternoon."

"On the corner of Pecan street?"

"Yes."

"On the northwest corner?"

"Just about that corner."

"At three o'clock?"

"Yes; sir; it was three o'clock."

"Was it a blue car with a bay mule?"

"Certainly; blue car and bay mule and a teller with a red pimple on his nose, and a mouth like a catfish, just like yours, driving it!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"And you craned out your neck this way, opened your mouth until one could read the maker's name on your false teeth, and bawled out, 'stop—that-car! stop—that-car!'"

"Yes, you scoundrel!" she replied, drawing back to hit him with her umbrella.

"Then it wasn't me, for I am always polite to ladies, even if they are ninety five years old, sport porcelain teeth and sass car drivers. Ta ta! and he jumped over the dashboard to swap cars with the driver coming the other way. —Alex Sweet in *Arkansas Traveller*.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.

## A TOUGH YARN.

**Short on Guns But Long on Wild Oats.**  
Story of a Controversy With a Feroocious Varmint in the Wilds of Sullivan County, N. Y.—He Earned the Bounty He Received.  
[Deckertown (N. Y.) Special.]

"I never had such a brush afore in my life," exclaimed a rough looking specimen of a Northwoods lumberman as he stepped into the Treasurer's office in Monticello, Sullivan County, just across the York State line. The man carried a double-barreled shotgun, a horn powder receptacle, a ponderous gamsack, a leather shot-pouch, and he wore a big, broad slouch hat, and coat and pants so patched it was difficult to tell of what they were originally made.

"But I fetched 'em dead sure, and here's there skeps, too, and I thort I'd jist step in, Mr. Treasurer, and git the bounty on 'em, seein' as I needed some change to git a little stock of ammunition for them 'bar up on Clinton Holler."

"What have you got now?" "I've got two wildcat skeps; and my name isn't George Sackrider if they didn't come mighty nigh onto hev'n' mine. They got poor Jack's—that's my dog—as it was. 'Twere a mighty close tussel for me."

He drew out the scalps of two wildcats and handed them to the official, and then sat down.

"You see, I had seen 'bar signs leadin' down to 'rds the Holler, but hadn't gone fur afore we discovered plenty of wildcat signs, and Jack took the track and went to 'rds the swamp. While 'waitin' fur the varmints to come, a big henhawk settled down into an old tree jist in nice range. He sot there so temptin' that I ups and knocks him down, kerlop, deader'n a doornail. 'Tward two minutes afterward and afore I had time to load the empty 'bar, when I heard Jack a makin' fur me, lickety split. I jist had time to jump into poish, when I heard a rushin' in the dry leaves, and then a tarnel big wildcat were seen makin' straight fur me. When it seed me it started kinder thunderstruck, as though it had best dodge around the corner. Pullin' up, I jist gave 'im one 'bar, and over it rolled. But the next second 'twere up and, with blood in its eye, it made fur me. It jumped for my throat, and I struck it back with my gun. [Gosh! but didn't I wish that hawk hadn't come foolin' around so soon!] It kept comin' at me, clawin' and tearin' like mad, spilin' my broadcloth most shameful like and projecin' the claret outen my my legs and arms dangation fast. Jist as I had given the varmint a stunnin' blow and set my No. 11's onto its throat, gosh-a-m-d-dy if there didn't come another cat, bigger'n the first. But, I kin tell yer, there was clawin' and yellin' come around there 'bout that time! The fresh cat he jist jumped fur me and tore 'round like all fury, and I feared I'd have to knock my gun all to pieces on his blamed ugly old head, or else git tore to strings. Mighty! But, didn't he claw, though!"

"But the Lord allers was on my side, and jist at the last moment, when I was a-fightin' one with a gun 'bar' and a-holdin' of the one down with my feet, and hev'n' him tear my legs into shoe-strings, ups comes Jack—poor, old Jack—and he grabbed the loose cat. It didn't take me long, then, to finish out that cat under my heels, but 'tother was at me agin' it havin' torn the skin all offen poor Jack's face and noddle. Poorly sure I got in a square blow and kicked the darnation varmint's back, and I kicked the stuffin outen of it in short order, then, you kin bet. Poor Jack, he were done fur, though!"

"Well, George, here's your bounty for the scalps." The hunter took the money and strode out with a self-satisfied air, that seemed to indicate his entire willingness to attack half the wildcats in Sullivan County, if only both barrels of his gun were loaded and no hawks were to appear.

**Experience.**

It is a popular maxim that experience is the best teacher. This is true—and false. Did you ever know a moth that had been singed by the flame fail to dash directly to the flame the moment that it could use its wings again? How large a proportion of those who have learned by bitter personal experience (or any other vice) is, turns from that sin on account of that experience? There are, in fact, many teachers concerning evil better than experience of evil. The warnings of a father, the gentle leading of a mother, the holy precepts of a Sunday-school teacher, if heeded, are better far than the lessons of experience, in the direction of those warnings; for these teach through defending and preserving, while experience teaches too often through loss and destruction.

## A RINGTAIL COW.

No man in this county is more truthful than John Hillfern. He would rather tell a truth than to tell a lie. This peculiarity has given to his character an oddity that causes vague mutterings in the neighborhood. No one ever saw John take a drink of whisky. Yet when he came to town last week he was so drunk that he could not have slapped the face of the earth with a horse blanket. I was greatly shocked, for I had confidence in John. I was not willing that he should escape censure, so the next time we met I drew him to one side and said:

"John, we are all pained to know that you have been drunk. During many years you have been a shining example. Now, our confidence in you is shaken—we are hurt."

Affectionately placing his broad hand on my shoulder, he replied:

"I do not deny that I was drunk. It is an almost incredible story. Let us sit down and I will tell you."

When we had sat down John continued: "The other day as I rode along toward town: I began to notice that there was something curious the matter with me. I felt a disposition to yell at everything I saw; and, strange as it may seem, I began to get hungry for a fight of some sort. Well, by the time I got to town I was as drunk as a fool. I couldn't understand it, for I had drank nothing. When I returned home my perplexity was increased, for I found my wife and brother-in-law so drunk that they couldn't have walked round a straw hat."

"You don't tell me so?"

"Yes, I do. They swore that they hadn't drank a drop."

"How do you account for it?"

"Just wait a minute. The next morning we were all sober, but after breakfast we were all drunk again."

"You don't say so?"

"Of course I do. If I didn't you wouldn't know anything about it. Well, we sobered up a little but sir—here his voice sank to a whisper—after dinner we were all so drunk that we wouldn't have known the President from a deputy constable."

"How do you account for it?"

"You just wait a minute. The affair was so strange that I began to investigate. After awhile it was all as clear as daylight."

"What was it that made you drunk?"

"Milk."

"Milk! I exclaimed.

"Yes, milk."

"How can you explain it?"

"You just wait a minute. Several days before, I had bought a ringtail cow, the most peculiar animal of her species, and I discovered that she had gone to a distillery and had drank the slop."

"Well, that is remarkable."

"Yes, rather. I soon found out that the ringtail cow is the only illicit distiller among the entire cow family. People came for miles to look at her."

"What did you do with her, kill her?"

"Bless you, no. A deputy United States marshal arrested her, but, upon examination, the judge said that there was no statute to fit the case. I took the cow home and sold her for three hundred dollars."

"So large a sum as that?"

"Yes, a temperance lecturer bought her. I saw him the other day and he told me that he wouldn't take a thousand for her. Said that he never did see so much fun. Well I must go."

John is a poor man, but he is truthful. He would rather tell the truth than to break a colt.

**Mr. Beecher's Torn Trousers.**

Toward the close of an evening's prayer meeting at Plymouth church, Mr. Beecher, shaking his finger gravely at those who sat on his left said to those who sat on his right: "The edification hasn't been evenly divided this evening. My friends on the left have been industriously laughing at me because I have a big hole in the left leg of my pantaloons. [Laughter.] Allow me to inform them that these are a new pair. If they were old and I couldn't afford new ones, I should be dreadfully ashamed. As it is I am not, but my wife is. [Renewed Laughter.] In making a call this afternoon my leg came in contact with a barrel and it had a nail in it; hence the tare. I tried to close it with a pin, but the pin dropped out. So it is up with our sins. We can pin them up. The pin will drop out and disclose the bare spot."

"Dear me!" exclaimed a city girl who visited a dairy for the first time, "what queer looking stuff this is! It looks just like yellow paint. What is it?"

"Why, that's cream on top of the milk, sis," said the dairymaid. "Is that so?" she asked in astonishment. "Why, the cream that I use always comes in boxes and has a label, so we can tell what it is." The farmer sat right down on the stone floor and fanned himself with a milk pan.

A country editor received the following: "Dear Sir—I have looked carefully and patiently over your paper for months for the death of some individual I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off. You will please have my name erased."

## A BRIDAL FREAK.

**The Funny Couple That Drove Around the Streets in Wedding Garments.**

From the Baltimore American.

The sight of a blushing bride, in full bridal costume, sitting in an open buggy on Baltimore street, met the eyes of all passers-by yesterday afternoon. The bride—who looked old enough to know better—wore a wreath of orange blossoms and smile and veil, while her hands were encased in white kid gloves and her feet in white kid shoes. At her bosom she wore a large bunch of orange blossoms. The white contrasted greatly with her raven black tresses, which fell in ringlets about her neck. Her husband wore a full suit of store clothes and a straw hat. He had great difficulty in steering the poor horse and the buggy looked as if it would fall to pieces. The bride and groom rode up and down Baltimore street, much to the amusement of the crowds on the street, and in vain tried to find a photographer who would take them. At last they found one near Gay street. When the groom found the place he had much trouble in getting the horse and buggy up to the curb, and at last had to get out and lift the buggy into position. Then he lifted his wife out, and she stood on the pavement in all her bridal glory and finery, observed of all observers; but she did not mind that and seemed to care more for the safe disposal of a bandbox and a lace shawl than the crowd who watched her. The couple went into one gallery, but there they could not be taken large enough and so they came down again and went into another. The groom put on his white kid gloves, and they had a perfectly "scrumptious time" sitting for their picture in bridal costume. Several plates were used before a good negative was secured, because the groom insisted upon kissing the bride every time the photographer's back was turned. After the "ordal" the bride took off her orange blossoms and veil and opened the bandbox and got out a white bonnet and put it on. Then the couple left. The groom went into the middle of the street and, after taking off the steambot hawser that tied the horse to the hitching-post, turned him "off" so the wheel would not dirty the bride's white dress, and the lady, unassisted, hopped into the buggy. He followed her, and soon the vehicle and its precious load went down the street and out of the city towards Philadelphia.

**A Clever Confidence Couple.**

A beautiful girl, with large blue eyes and golden hair, but shabbily dressed, greatly interested a large crowd of gentlemen on one of the East river ferry boats the other day by singing very sweetly and tenderly the well-known hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." As she concluded one verse, a large, well-dressed man called a deck hand and ordered him to put her out of the cabin, she looked despairingly and burst into tears. There were cries of "Throw him overboard," "Let her alone," "Shame!" The large man, who looked like a railroad president, insisted; said that the deck hand was doing his duty, and that the ferry company had ordered all nuisances suppressed. He acknowledged that he had complained of her. The murmurs of discontent and anger arose around him, at which he seemed somewhat disconcerted and, approaching the poor girl, said:

"What's the matter, sissy?"

Then she told her pitiful story of a sick mother, a dead father, no work, hunger, distress, and her anxiety to get employment.

"Oh, don't send me to prison," she cried, breaking down completely.

The large man was abashed, and the crowd looked angry and scornful again. He at once apologized, and to show his regret for his blunder, immediately took out a five dollar bill, which he dropped into her hat. Then he passed the hat, which was soon filled with money. After the passengers had left the boat, he joined the girl and they both went off together. He was a well-known clever confidence man, and the young woman was his wife, as clever as he.

A country editor received the following: "Dear Sir—I have looked carefully and patiently over your paper for months for the death of some individual I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off. You will please have my name erased."

## The Ode of the Hay Field.

Going from New England to a Western State, many years ago, the writer was struck with the difference between the two localities in the haying season. In the older States, the air at haying time is redolent of the most delightful fragrance, making it a pleasure to be out of doors. At haying time in the western locality, there was only a clean weedy odor, quite unlike that to which we had been accustomed. In looking into the reason for this lack of pleasing odor at haying, we examined the hay, and while all the usual grasses were present, we could find no trace of the Sweet-scented Vernal grass, *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, so common in eastern meadows. In itself, this grass has little value. Indeed, its chief merit lies in its odor. This is developed as the herbage dries, and a few spears of this grass will impart its fragrance to a large mass of hay. This grass should always form a small part of a mixture for seeding a lawn.—*American Agriculturist for July*.

A health journal says you ought to take three quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well, also, to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.